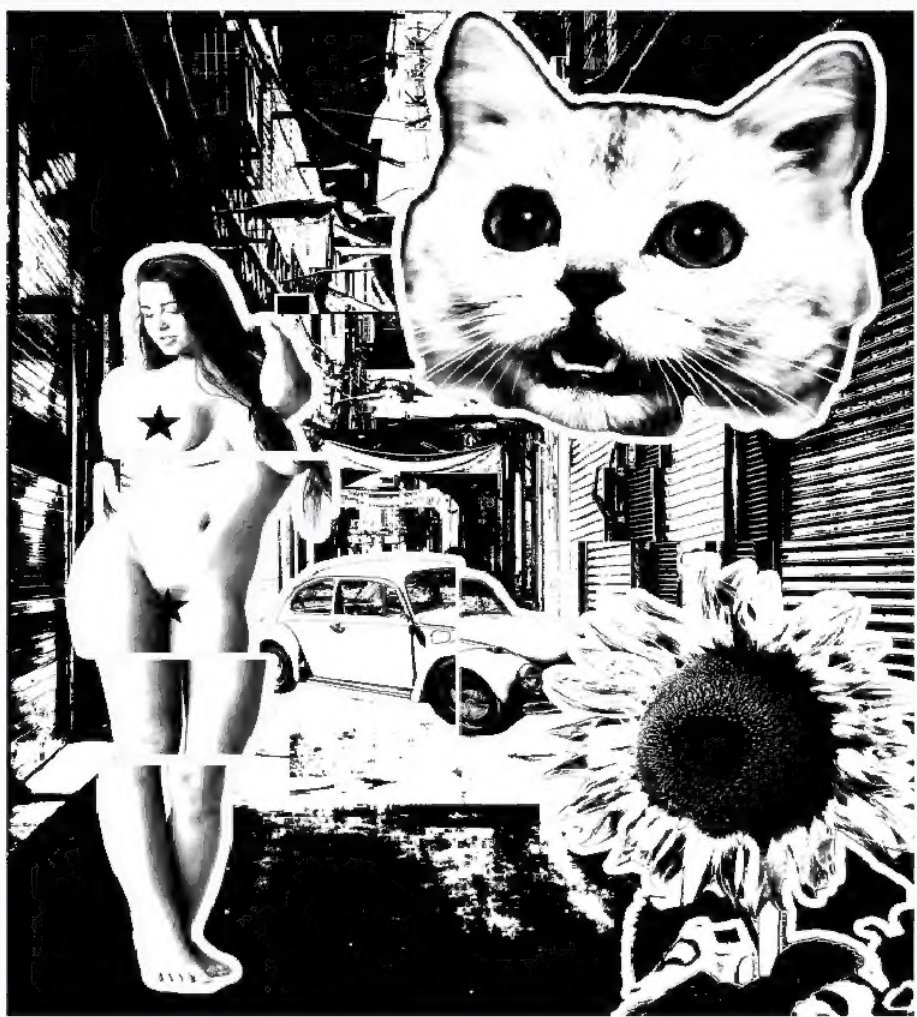


# ACID DROPS

art and poetry



Volume 1



art and poetry  
by Eric Hawkins  
volume 1

I am an artist and all that comes with it. The severe introvert with a need to connect somehow through others with words printed on a page that may never get read. I can't tell you what you want to hear because I can't understand how you function in the vacuum of self absorption. I try to fit in and belong to the crowd that surrounds me but the truth is I'm just a mirror to what you do. Hiding my soul in a tattered box in the corner destined for tomorrow's trash. I speak to my demons in the morning to keep them in check so maybe I can make it through one more day. One more day in an achievement. One more day is my goal. One more day is what keeps me above ground, one more day. My words aren't meant to be pretty, much like most of the world. Smiling in the morning to hide the darkness at dusk. Keeping the devil quiet through the night. I am an artist and all that comes with it. Keeping the light on and fire burning until my soul is gone.







People are quick to say I don't need you  
Because they are too afraid to say don't go.  
Building bunkers for their innocence  
Keeping the demons at the door

I don't need nobody she screams  
After cutting her arm from the broken  
Glass she snatched from the broken  
Picture frame with his picture in it.

I don't need nobody he screams  
After his parents shut him out  
From any resemblance of affection  
Not knowing what he's about

I don't need nobody she screams  
Closing Facebook on her phone  
As she slips on the lasso  
She hopes will send her home

People are quick to say I don't need you  
Because they are too afraid to say don't go  
Begging silently to be heard by someone  
Longing for family and to belong

A place to feel security  
Simple comforts of home  
Dreaming of serenity  
While sitting all alone

Dreaming of security  
Needing to belong



Do you see? Do you See? Do you see? Do you  
see? Do you SEE? Do you see? See? Do you see?  
Do you See? Do you See? Do you See? Do you  
see? Do you see? Do you See? Dp you SEE? Do  
you see? Do you see? Do you see? DO YOU SEE?

I didn't know I was falling  
After I convinced myself to fly  
No clue where I was going  
But I was soaring so very high

Everyday was like a dream  
With a nightmare following behind  
Falling in love with an idea  
The immortals never die

Thoughts faster than sound  
Watching myself from memories  
Living a day after the day before  
I can't take this shit anymore

I didn't know I was falling  
Looking at the ground  
My grave coming to meet me  
Dying faster than sound

Everyday was like a dream  
With a nightmare following behind  
Im not sure who's life I lived  
Fuck I never meant it to be mine.





## You mean a **woman** can open it?

*Easily*—without a knife blade, a bottle opener, or even a husband! All it takes is a dainty grasp, an easy, two-finger twist—and the catsup is ready to pour.

We call this safe-sealing bottle cap the Alcoa HyTop. It is made of pure, food-loving Alcoa Aluminum. It spins off—and back on again—without muscle power because an exclusive Alcoa process tailors it to each bottle's threads

after it is on the bottle. By vacuum-sealing both top and sides, the HyTop gives you a double guard.

You'll recognize the attractive, trademark HyTop when you are in *cooler* grocer's shelf. It's long, it's white, it's graceful—and it's on the most famous and flavorful brands. But the bottle that wears it in your basket... save fumbling, fumbling and fingers in opening time with the most cooperative cap in the world—the Alcoa HyTop Closure.

**DEATHCO.**   
**ALUMINUM**

**WHAT IS REAL ANYMORE?**



She erupts with rage  
As the cashier rings  
Tomorrow's groceries  
With yesterday's wage

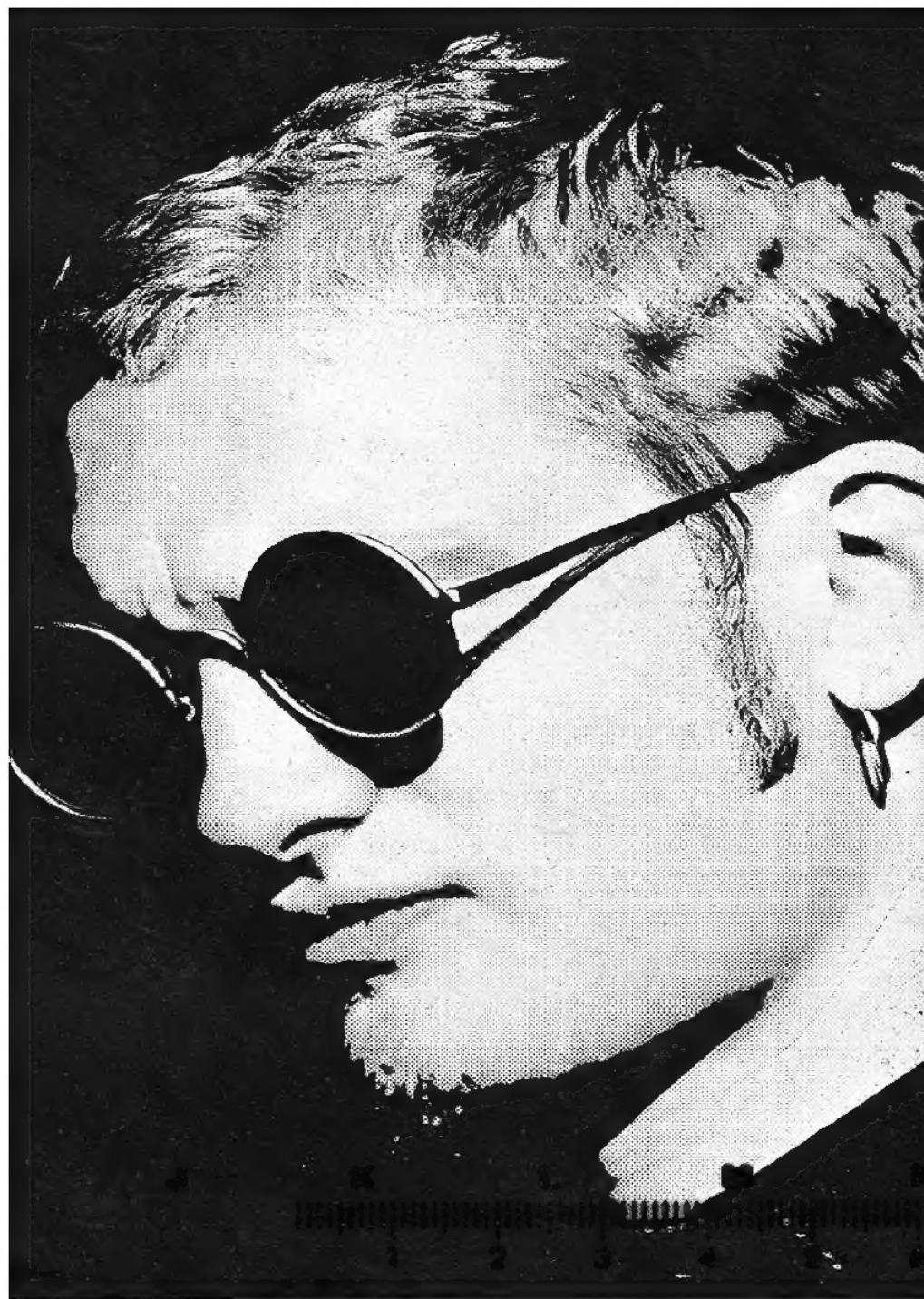
I can't put anything  
Back there's nothing left  
But my medicine  
I can do without

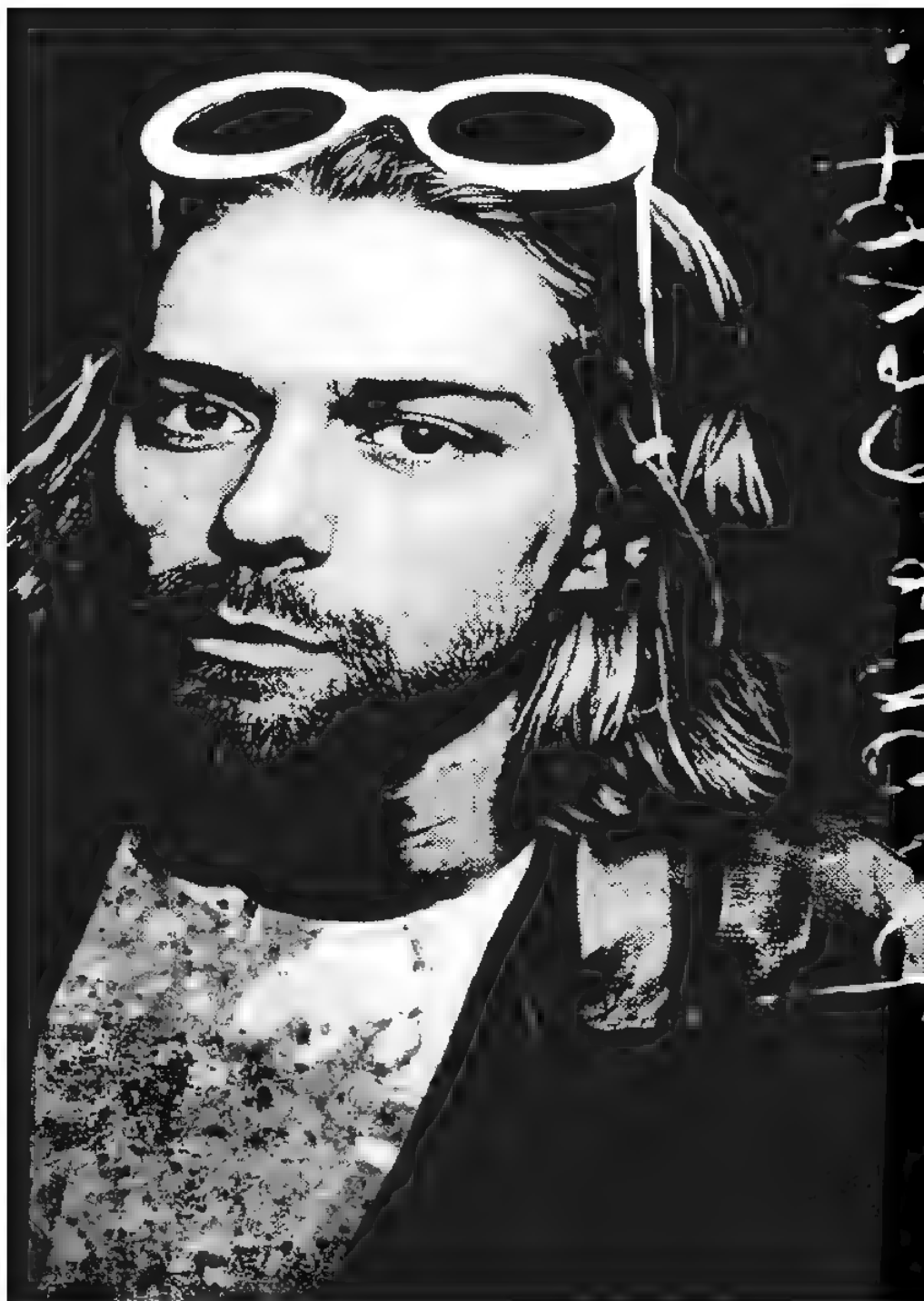
She erupts with rage  
Blaming the cashier  
Because no one else  
Is there to hold her hand

She erupts with rage  
As the pressure builds  
As the interest compounds  
As the postman brings more bills

She erupts with rage  
Before she falls to her knees  
Broken and battered  
But her soul not shattered

She erupts with rage  
Because she feels so alone  
So alone even at home  
Even at home she doesn't belong













HOPE IS POWER

I won't insult you by telling  
you I know how you feel. By  
telling you the sun will rise  
again, this too shall pass, it  
won't rain forever. I won't  
patronize you in iambic  
pentameter, trying to show you  
how sympathetic I am with my  
words. Trying to use your pain  
to sell a poem. I can't know  
your pain. I can't feel your  
heart. I can't live in the  
existence of your soul. I  
wouldn't dare tell you I know  
how you feel. I'll just be here.  
I won't try to fix you. I won't  
motivate you. I won't try to  
relate to you like a high school  
chemistry teacher. I'll just be  
here.





The moonlight covers her body  
As the nights breeze dances in her hair  
Gazing at the wonders above  
Thinking if she will ever live up there

Lost in time and space  
That no one could ever see  
Letting go of her worries  
Alive in the moment she will be

Breathing in the worldly beauty  
And letting go of all the pain  
In each passing moment  
She will never be the same

Tomorrow is a product of the day before  
Only one thing will remain the same  
Time, life, and love goes by  
But she will always have her name

The beauty that lies within her  
Only a lucky few will see  
She never needs approval  
From you, from anyone, or me

The moonlight covers her body  
Her spirit dances in the air  
She can feel the love of the world  
Her heart and mind, a perfect pair

1951 US Edition



LOUIS LOUIS HART

I may not be like you  
But I'll help, if you need me  
I may not say many words  
But I still have a story to tell

This world feels mighty strange  
You know me if you feel it  
But my heart hasn't changed  
It just gets clouded in the rain

You may not understand  
The space that I needed  
It just helps me heal  
From the noises from within

I may not be like you  
But I'm here, if you need me  
I won't leave another  
To feel alone in this world

I don't say many words  
But each word, I feel it  
I may not have caused it  
But I feel your suffering

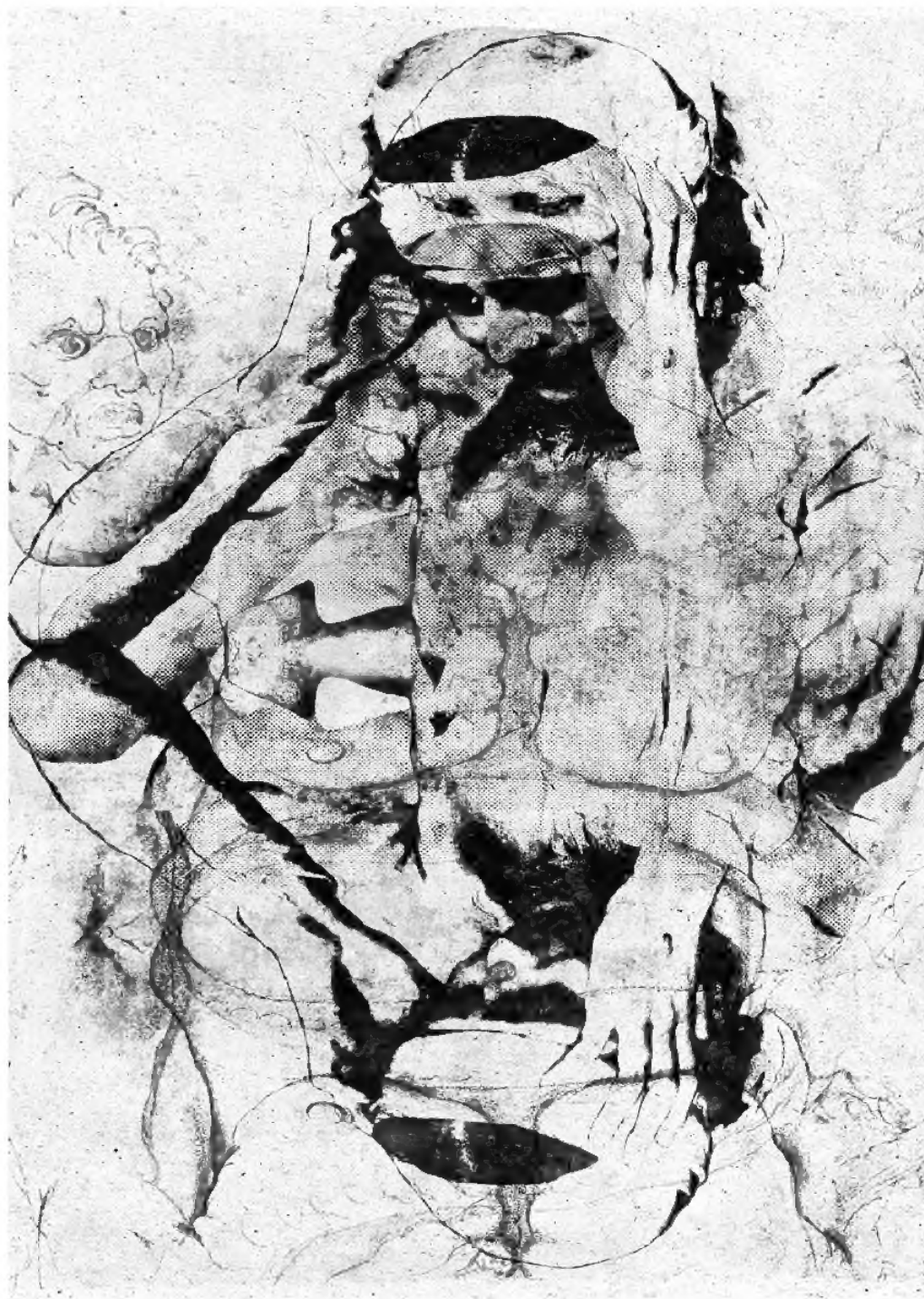
I may not understand  
The heartache that brings it  
But I'll never turn away  
From a stranger or a friend

I may not be like you  
Someday I may need you  
Sometimes I need  
The kind words of a friend

Family







Drinking my 5am cofee  
At half past noon  
Tasting the bitter  
Procrastination of life

Feeling the familiar  
Caress of a cigarette  
Breathing in the illusion  
That keeps the fire burning

Preparing my mind  
To cope with the mindless  
Repetition of resistance  
For forty hours or more

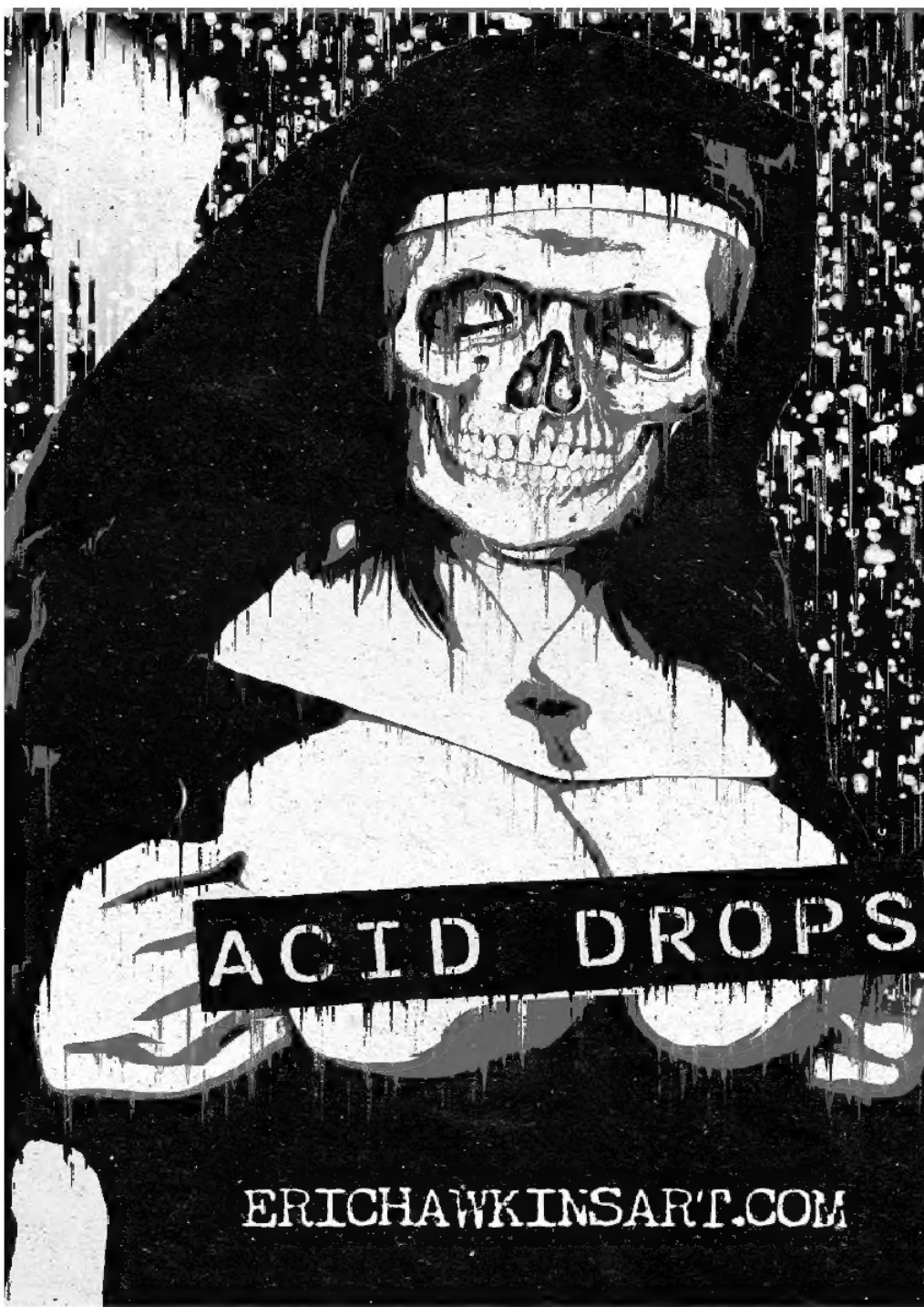
Panic for productivity  
Pain as a profession  
Just for more possessions  
And the 401k illusion

Someday I can live  
Someday I'll be free  
Someday I'll retire  
Someday I'll achieve

Buy food on credit  
For the first 15 years  
Paying off the debts  
For the next thirty.

When they bury me  
You can rest easy  
The final price of peace  
Can be paid in monthly installments

I am a glimpse of somebody familiar that you thought you once knew. You can't quite remember my name but you recognize that look in my eye. You've seen it somewhere before. You've seen it in the eyes of a child on a summer day. You've seen it in the eyes of your old family dog when you got home from school. You've seen it in your grandmother when she says she was proud of you. You didn't stop me as you walked by. You could have sworn you knew me when you looked into my eyes. Maybe I was someone you knew in school. Maybe I was someone your friend once knew. Or maybe I am someone who lived similar to you. A life lived on a parallel plane. A little different but basically the same. Maybe you felt weird and uncool. Maybe you had your heart broken a time or two. Maybe you thought no one could ever be like you. Maybe you find peace while sitting alone. Maybe you hate answering a phone. Whatever it is or what it could be. You could have sworn you truly knew me.



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